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OSWALD GREY,

The Child of Genius and of Fate.

A NEW POEM,

BY

J. T. BREEZE.

BELLVILLE:

PRINTED AT THE "DAILY ONTARIO" STEAM PRINTING HOUSE.
1870.

James Barrett
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OSWALD GREY,
AND OTHER
P O E M S,

ON

Canadian Scenery, History, Legends,
Genius and Institutions,

BY

J. T. BREEZE,

NAPANEE.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE
ARTHUR, BY HIS ROYAL PERMISSION.

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DEDICATION.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ARTHUR

SIR :—

It affords me exquisite pleasure as a little memento of your visit to our beloved Canada, to dedicate this humble volume of my Poems to Your Royal Highness. The profound regard I entertain for your Royal Mother, the fame of whose virtue as a Sovereign is as wide as the world, would induce me to seek to place my unpretending little book under your patronage, as well as the acknowledged beauty of your own genial nature, and your known love of all the fine arts, which you inherit from your gifted and honoured father whose memory is embalmed in the heart of every true lover of the arts and sciences throughout the world. Heartily thanking your Royal Highness for permitting me to shelter my humble productions under the wing of your Royal patronage, wishing only they were more worthy of the honour, and wishing you every blessing from heaven and earth in the destiny to which Providence may assign you.

I remain your Royal Highness's

Humble and obedient Servant,

J. T. BREEZE.

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PREFACE.

In submitting the present volume of my Poems to the Canadian public, I may be permitted to say a word or two by way of introduction. In claiming the attention of the reader I do so with a calm confidence that there will be found something in it to command the respect, excite the curiosity, inform the understanding, and extract from the lips of the reader a word of approval as being the fruit of the true products of the muse.

The poetry I have produced may not be of the highest order, but it will serve to show, at least, the variety of genius with which the Creator bestows his mental universe, as forming a niche in some point of the scale of intelligence that flutters down to illumine the world by its beams, and I flatter myself with the idea that it keeps pace with the taste of the country for this fine art, at least among the great bulk of Canadian society. And if I shall succeed by bold pertinacity in keeping up the idea and awakening a sense of poetry in the Canadian populace, I shall have the approbation of all lovers of the fine arts.

I do not profess to be the poet of ages, a Homer, a Gothe, a Shakespear, or a Milton. I have not attempted to produce an Illiad, or a Faust, or a Paradise Lost. No one should attempt to judge of my works from such stand points, but I may be permitted to look with my own mental vision on Canadian Scenes, Histories, Memories,

Legends, and Incidents, and throw the light of my own nature around them, illucidating principles, defending moral right, and give a healthy tone to the sentiment of my countrymen as far as I can succeed in yielding an influence over them.

I do not dream that my little book when issued will shake the poles, or that its numbers and music will bend the stars and draw the seraphs from their spheres, or that our glorious Niagara and St. Lawrence will stop in their courses when their names are mentioned by the magic of its strains. But not withstanding, the light that flashes from my spirit may illumine and bless the rustic homes of this forest land and extort a laugh, or move a tear from the eyes of my adopted countrymen.

It matters little to me should any part of the Canadian Press from Political Motives, or otherwise, endeavour to stifle the sale of my work. I defy the low groveling spirit of such. I smile as the Eagle may when she's basking in the effulgence of the sun laughing at the fowler when out of his reach. I have long fortified myself in the bosom of love of my own happy Canada.

From the reception that my Poems, (Dedicated to C. J. Brydges, Esq.,) have had, and the amount of intelligence, usefulness, and genius, accorded to them by the common sense of the country, I feel confident that my present volume will have a favourable reception in this country. The great variety of subjects it embraces, the great many passions and principles of our nature that it displays, and the themes it discusses, will secure it attention from a great many of different tastes and sentiments. I am free to say, that I am an ardent lover of my Queen and country; I have therefore sought at all times to defend

my country and inspire feelings of loyalty to our dear old flag that

For a thousand years,

Has braved the battle and the breeze.

Therefore, cowards need not seek for any refuge or apology to their nefarious schemes in the pages of these Poems. And I appeal to the thousands that have read and sang them in our Volunteer ranks, in times of excitement on the frontier, of the spirit of loyalty and virtue they breath and inspire.

I know from the testimony of the thousands I have met with, whose candour I could not impeach, that my former Poems have instructed and amused them. Those that I have read at the Young Men's Christian Association and public meetings have always elicited the warmest approbation of the public. Hence I argue that although my poems may not warrant great culture, yet they may possess the true key to the human bosom and bless the heart of my countrymen.

I have taken the occasion of Prince Arthur's visit to our country to dedicate this work to His Royal Highness, who kindly consented to give me his patronage to those whose natures possess a peculiar taste for having all men have equally honoured, and if I shall offend those whose sentiment is such, I frankly sacrifice their favour in my attachment to the Royal Family and refer them to the love of Science, Literature, and Art, which characterized his illustrious father and the noble virtues of his famous mother, as well as his own talents and manly and genial character while among us.

Finally if poetry is that wonderful power that creates an ideal human life analagous to the real one which we

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experience, with its own peculiar laws, facts, and associations, embellished with all the glory of the genius of the Poet, it does not follow that the true Bard cannot throw the light of his fine nature around the life we inherit and make its scenes and incidents burn with the glow of his own lofty nature, and represent to others what they feel and experience, but could not express. The power of Poetry is

That something so divine,

Description doth but make it less.

'Tis what we know, but can't define ;

'Tis what we feel, but can't express.

With these considerations we commit the following pages to the candour of the Canadian sentiments, hoping it will advance the cause of christianity and redound to the glory of God and the benefit of man.

THE AUTHOR.

OSWALD GREY.

Assist, my native muse, to tell
A tale of mingled joy and woe,
That happened to a gifted soul
Known to thy friendship years ago.
Thy noble friend young Oswald Grey,
Was born upon the rocky brow
Of that famed hill where Oswald the King,
Chanced once in death's embrace to bow.

Where Roman arts and arms did bloom,
When Roman Kings ruled Britain's Isle,
Where famous deeds did touch his ear
And move his spirit void of guile.
'Twas on a time when all the stars
And planets favoured the glad hour,
That nature with her skilful hand,
Enrich'd him with true mental power.

Venus, and Mars, and Jupiter,
Were curious wrought in bright array,
They'd never been in such a form
For many a long and hoary day.
Each in their happy moods would join,
To form his attributes of mind,
And when they brooded on the heart,
They touch'd it tenderly and kind.

Their nation's blood coursed through his veins,
 His ancestors, of Leidon's fame,
 And in their struggle for the right,
 To Albion's sacred Island came.

Two brothers fled from that famed spot,
 Upon a holy mission there,
 And when they saw pure freedom's homes,
 They loved to breathe her balmy air,

Would not return but fell in love,
 With two fair maids and married well.
 Of all their deeds it serves me not,
 Into my humble song to tell ;
 Suffice to say that Oswald Grey
 Was Grandson to that painter rare,
 Whose famous pictures early spread,
 Through English homesteads every where.

His soul of beauty filled the land,
 Albion did with his genius ring,
 From Palace to the humblest cot,
 From Peasant to the Royal King.
 His brother Charles outshone him once,
 With music from his gifted soul,
 With strains of loftiest poetry,
 That did in even numbers roll.

And all their seed were gifted much,
 In law as pleaders for the poor,
 Or more as gifted orators ;
 Unfolding all the gospel's store.
 Oswald had all the mental powers,
 To Scale the heights his race had flown,
 And pride, and strength of purpose had,
 To reach where none of them had gone.

These passions labored in his breast,
 Through many a day in childhood's home,
 He felt his proud soul born for fame,
 Though he 'fore poverty did cower,
 She bound him in her rugged chain,
 And crushed him with her iron heel,
 But said her crusts were wealth to him ;
 She lessons on his heart would seal.

His father had died when he was young ;
 Two years his care was only given,
 When God by darkest Providence,
 Would call his happy soul to heaven ;
 'Twas on a sacred Sabbath night,
 As listening to his Pastor tell,
 In lofty tones of eloquence,
 The way to heaven, from paths of hell.

He turned into the Manse an hour,
 To solve some mysteries in his mind,
 About some christian duties that,
 Did then his tender conscience bind.
 He talked till heaven had filled the soul,
 With all the halo of his love,
 And angels, whispers seem'd to say,
 Come home with us to thrones above.

The night's far spent, we must be gone ?
 Oswald, the babe is fretting now,
 'Tis hard to leave such scenes of bliss,
 But we must to life's dictates bow.
 Two prayers were said, the holy fire
 Of faith in true devotions rise,
 While heaven decends whith holy fire,
 Consuming all their sacrifice.

Two miles the bony steed had gone,
 The night was dark, the winds were high.
 Hush, said the mother, list, I hear,
 The rumbling of some wheels draw nigh,
 I've had forebodings of some ill,
 My dreams do trouble me of late,
 I tremble as I think of life,
 With its pending doubtful fate.

Have faith in God, Ann dear he said.
 And touched the whip unto the steed,
 One minute more, and onward came,
 N' unruly beast in dreadful speed,
 Striking their wheel, and headlong threw
 The happy pair against a rock,
 Opening a ghastly mortal wound,
 Upon his temple in the shock.

He only said, "thy will be done,"
 And breathed his spirit up to heaven ;
 For God would take him to himself,
 Who had that tender parent given.
 Their cry soon reached their Pastor's ear ;
 Quickly he reached the fatal spot,
 His sorrows needed every grace,
 To reconcile him to his lot.

The faithful Messenger of truth,
 Then bent his knees in ardent prayer,
 That heaven would spare her Oswald Grey,
 And heal the wound his head did bear.

THE PRAYER.

God of all wisdom, might, and love,
 Thine eye beholds us in our woe,
 Who didst give blessings from above,
 Hast now caused all our tears to flow.
 We little thought that when thy grace
 Was poured upon our hearts so free,
 That we'd be called before thy face
 To bear this load of misery.
 Were it not thou, our heart would rise,
 In strong rebellion to the deed ;
 But since we know thy ways are wise,
 We ask thy grace in time of need,
 We ask one favour from thy throne,
 Withhold it not our God we pray,
 Let not the widow here alone,
 But spare her little *Oswald Grey*.
 His wounds are deep, and life doth seem
 To linger in the brink of death,
 But I may claim thy power supreme,
 To interpose to honour faith ;
 The child is thine ; he's answerd prayer,
 I feel he's given him from the dead.
 Go nurse it, him, with holy care,
 Then wiped the wound that freely bled,
 Just as Elisha once before,
 Said to the Shunamite of old,
 And hushed her every sorrow o'er,
 With hearty language pure and bold.

This counted for the poverty,
 His youthful mother did endure,

The love she bore for Oswald's sire,
 Kept her in widowhood secure ;
 She could not love, but once she said,
 And would not trifle with her heart,
 To love no other one than he,
 Who did in youth from her depart.

I'll struggle on, she said, and trust
 That little Oswald will display,
 The mental powers his sires possessed,
 And keep me in some future day.
 The burial o'er the widow sat,
 In matchless sorrow all forlorn,
 And thought the troubles of her life,
 Could never by her heart be borne.

I'll wed the church of God, she said,
 And spend my life of love on her ;
 For who can tell but God may yet,
 Her honours on my child confer,
 My darling Oswald I will teach,
 The truth of God, of hell and heaven ;
 Engrave the story of the cross,
 Upon his mind from morn till even.

I'll picture all the parables,
 All Bible scenes familiarize,
 In Jesus life from Bethlehem,
 Through all his sorrows to the skies,
 I'll sow the truth within his soul,
 Watch it in embryo shoot forth,
 Until the fragrance of his name,
 Is known by its own moral worth.

And then I'll spend one hour each day,
 In close communion with my God,
 Who knows but he'll be pleased to shed
 His spirit on his heart abroad.

Anointing with his holy oil,
 The brow of little Oswald Grey,
 And call him to proclaim his word,
 With eloquence and power some day.

And like young Samuel of old,
 In youth obey thy sacred word ;
 Grant him that holy power in youth,
 T' widen the kingdom of his Lord.
 Her faith was strong that God had heard,
 And soon would grant her the request,
 Keeping the thought e're warm within
 The confines of her loving breast.

Nothing occurred, save that a fire,
 Enwapt the house in flames one day,
 When little Oswald was alone ;
 His mother chanced to be away.
 One arm was burnt ; Carlo the dog,
 Ran in and saved him from the flames,
 And held him in his kind embrace
 At distance till his mother came.

And O ! no eloquence could tell,
 The anguish borne by that fond heart ;
 When in the distance, she beheld
 The flames break through the roof apart.
 She flew, nor cared for house or home,
 She thought alone of Oswald Grey ;
 Fearing her only son had fell,
 To all its fury wild a prey.

But when she saw her faithful dog,
 Had saved him from the raging fire,
 She bowed her knees in gratitude,
 Before her great Eternal Sire.
 She held him in her loving arms,
 And mocked the elements in rage,
 And triumphed that her only son,
 May comfort yet her brow in age.

She murmured not that home was gone,
 To grateful was the heart for care ;
 Her mind insane a while became
 Seen in the accents of her prayer ;
 But calm hours at her brother's home,
 Brought reason gently to its throne,
 Mourn'd only that her consort's will,
 Amid the furious flames had gone.

Lord Thornton heard of Oswald's fate,
 He lived apace in Glasgood Hall,
 And mid her deepest sorrows came,
 And at the widow's home would call.
 Is Nancy Grey within he said,
 I wish to see the widow's face ?
 The toilet well was soon applied,
 And she appeared with native grace.

By chance I've heard of all thy woe ;
 I've come to help in hours of need,
 And give equivalence for the loss
 Sustained thee by the absent deed.
 The loss of land is thine, and I
 Will give thee funds to build thy home,
 And help thee on in future years,
 Should other sorrows chance to come.

And I will see that Oswald Grey,
 Will too be educated free,
 And trust that he may yet sustain
 A name that will be worthy thee,
 And I've a thought within my breast
 I will not tell to thee just yet,
 But it may cheer thy drooping soul,
 If thou wilt not the thing forget.

Now all the world did wonder why,
 Lord Thornton's noble spirit bowed,
 To oversee the widow's cause,
 That was in every thing so proud.
 Some thought that Oswald Grey was born
 Beneath a lucky planet free ;
 Thus insomuch that wonders vast,
 Did crowd the infant's history.

And others thought him born to sow
 The vineyard of the living God,
 Whose name should sound in heathen lands,
 To spread the gospel light abroad.
 Some said he'll be a Wesley yet,
 A Luther to reform the world,
 And from his hands strong thunderbolts,
 Will at the Papal chair be hurled.

For these imperial worthies were,
 Surrounded in their infant hours,
 By Providence's kindred to
 These, from Jehovah's gracious powers,
 God is but laying round his soul,
 True grounds for future gratitude,
 When all his moral powers ablaze,
 Can read them in his childhood rude.

As when of old, God points the sons
 Of Jacob to the pit from whence,
 Their feet were taken when the stalks,
 Did round their calaced ankles clench,
 And points them to the rugged rock,
 From whence the marble then was torn;
 And thus he'll point young Oswald Grey,
 To scenes round which he first was born.

And Oswald soon was sent to school,
 Into a borough town in Wales,
 Where flushing health on every wing,
 Came laughing in the morning gales.
 His mother tore from him away,
 Pouring her blessing on his head,
 Commending to his father's God,
 His soul from every ill it dread.

And sorrows filled his little heart,
 And visions wild flew through his brain,
 Fearing his mother'd gone away,
 Never to come for him again,
 And life seemed cold for such a heart,
 For it was form'd with strength to love;
 'Twas then his little spirit soared,
 To seek its comforts from above.

God gave a friend in Peggy Lloyd,
 Her home did skirt the rugged hill,
 And thither Oswald ran to pour
 His purgent sorrow to the fill.
 A mother's heart did warmly burn,
 In dear old Peggy's loving breast,
 And Oswald found a trusty place,
 For all his friendship free to rest.

For though proud science never shed
 Her boasted light upon her brow ;
 Nature had not forgot to form,
 Her intellect with light below,
 And Oswald hung upon her lips,
 Till late oft in the evening hour ;
 Till round his spirit she would throw,
 The magic of her mental power.

Her tales had germs of greatness that
 Enlined our hero's little heart,
 And far in after life these seeds,
 Would through his actions upward start.
 She told of witchcraft and its power,
 To blast all human hope's away,
 And all the wonder that the art,
 Could bring upon the world to play.

She spoke of Turpin, Robin Hood,
 And daring deeds of Mighty men,
 That you would little Oswald see,
 React them in his life again.
 She told how spirits reappeared,
 Upon lifes stage long after death ;
 Till little Oswald could be heard,
 Drawing his deep suspended breath.

• She told of love, till Oswald's heart
 Would sympathize with every woe,
 And every agony the maid
 Would in the story undergo ;
 Thus all the seeds of poetry,
 Awoke within his bardic soul ;
 He long'd that he himself might print,
 His deeds as bright on history's scroll.

And thus the spirit that she woke
 Within his breast, would never die,
 But down within his nature deep,
 These facts of human life did lie,
 The seeds that Peggy sowed bore fruit.
 A little story 'll tell it all ;
 Ned Jones had broke a window pane,
 One day as he was playing ball.

The window of dimensions wide,
 'Twas costly to replace it there,
 But as Ned's three friends only knew,
 No matter, Ned did little care.
 Benson, the principal, a man
 Of sullen temperament and stern,
 And dignity enthroned herself,
 Upon his brow when he was born.

The scholars, cower'd at his word,
 And shrank when he uplifts the rule ;
 His anger overaw'd them all,
 And struck a terror through the school,
 And one of Ned's three friends, was he,
 Who listened to the magic spell,
 Of Peggy Boyd's great character,
 And told as none but her could tell.

And Oswald said, now is the time,
 For me to act my noble part,
 Worthy of those great souls that now,
 Do for my mental visions start,
 And I'll protect my friend he said,
 As true as Damon did of yore ;
 My friendship rise now as sublime,
 And stand unrivalled evermore.

And if the spirit gainst whom we
 Do now in strong rebellion rise,
 Be great, our actions surely will
 Be greater 'fore all wondrous eyes.
 The custom was to ask the school,
 If none would answer, then flog all ;
 From stalwart men, to little boys,
 And thus embrace them great and small.

Tom King, and Harry Loyd, and Grey,
 Had bound their vest and pants with cord,
 And thought themselves thus armed secure,
 And proud as little English Lords,
 They arm'd their youthful heart for fight.
 Stern the lineament on each face,
 And Oswald Grey's kind heart was gone,
 And wanting of its former grace.

Three first declined to tell whose arm,
 Had broke the window with the ball.
 Then will punish all he said,
 Till you can scarcely stand at all ?
 Oswald the last, was asked who did,
 And answer'd boldly, "sir not I ?"
 But don't you know, or wont you tell,
 Haste now, nor loiter to reply,

Or I will hold the penalty,
 Of treble sin above thy head,
 And flog thee till my strength shall fail,
 And leave thy carcass all but dead.
 Then Grey replied, "Charles Benson sir,
 If ever that bold arm of thine,
 Be lifted gainst my guiltless brow,
 Thy star of pride will cease to shine."

This said, the rule was swiftly flung,
 Grazing his temple in its flight.
 Then Oswald rose and shouted, "boys
 Come on, and God defend the right ;"
 Then took his boot from off his foot,
 Aimed at, and struck his teacher's eye,
 When all the fury of his soul,
 Arose in dreadful grandeur high.

A fight ensued, and Oswald Grey,
 Weltered in blood upon the ground ;
 The teachers violence o'er awed,
 The Wondering scholars all around,
 His wounded dignity awoke,
 A wrath he never felt before ;
 And this may tell the reason why,
 Young Oswald Grey lay in his gore.

His clothes were torn from off his back,
 The cat-and nine-tails free applied,
 And Benson could not stay his hand,
 If little Oswald Grey had died.
 He lifts his victim from the floor,
 And bound him to a sturdy form,
 And threat as soon as he'd recruit,
 To yet renew the direful storm.

The darker passions in Grey's soul,
 'Woke to demoniac majesty,
 And uttered execrations wild,
 That common language failed outrie.
 Benson returned ; "before I'll pour,
 My stronger vengeance on anew ;
 I'll ask thy wicked heart to bow,
 And for my pardon humbly sue."

And Oswald rose his marble brow,
 With courage that but he alone,
 Of all the little sons of earth,
 Had ever in their nature known,
 He stretch'd his little bleeding hand,
 And like some orator sublime,
 Rehearsed those memorable words,
 Proverbial in the school through time.

"Pardon ! thou monster, villain, fiend,
 I would not bow this sacred knee,
 For fear of all the hellish hate,
 Thy demon heart can bear to me ;
 I would not sue for mercy now,
 If thousand deaths await my soul,
 This heart shall cease to beat, to write
 Thy demon deeds on history's scroll."

Then Benson bit his quivering lip,
 His human pity bore the sway ;
 He long'd that some kind hand would turn,
 His own from flogging him, away
 Then timely trembling Harry Lloyd,
 Ventured for Oswald Grey to speak,
 And begged the Principal no more,
 His vengeance on the child to wreak.

No, scholars no, I would not touch,
 Your fellow scholar whom you love,
 If only his young heart would beat,
 And into kind obedience move ;
 I loved him well, two hours ago,
 As Cæsar Brutus, did of yore,
 And even now I'm touched to see,
 Him weltering in his blood and gore.

And when you four conspired in wrong,
 And shewed your strategy to me,
 I said "and thou too Brutus," ah!
 "The dagger pierces deep from thee?"
 To lose the confidence of one,
 Whose growing mind I did admire,
 Seems as though some great moral law,
 Did from my nature now retire,

If Harry Lloyd, or Edward Jones,
 Or any one who did the deed,
 Comes forth, and frankly will confess,
 I will release young Grey indeed.
 So Ned came forward, said 'tis I;
 Too much I've taxed my little friend,
 And now I pray thee, principal,
 That all the penalty may end.

Not so said he, thou shalt submit,
 To bare thy back before the school,
 Or suffer on thy guilty hand,
 Twelve heavy blows from off my rule,
 Or stay six days with scanty food,
 Within the *dead-house* all alone;
 With either of these penalties,
 Thou shalt for thy black sin atone.

I'll take the latter, answered Ned,
 And hid his face with sense of shame,
 And every scholar said amen,
 That Edward Jones, was all to blame.
 Then Oswald's wounds were dressed with care;
 A balm provided for his pain,
 And every kind attention given,
 Until his wounds were heal'd again.

A scholar in the fright had died ;
 His corpse was to the dead-house ta'en,
 And laid beside the guilty boy,
 Whose ball had broke the window pane.
 The fright of seeing Oswald Grey,
 Bearing the agonies of death,
 Excited Jimmy Young's thin frame,
 With fevers that expell'd his breath.

Benson said, see the effects of sin ;
 O ! tremble from it now my boys,
 Your little friend is dead and gone,
 I hope from earth to heavenly joys.
 See nature's God can punish too.
 Ned Jone's 'll stay with him to-night,
 And fitting too, the teacher said,
 To teach him honour me aright.

And Ned did love his little friend ;
 No fears disturb his youthful breast ;
 He talk'd kind to the lifeless clay,
 'That calm in death's embrace did rest.
 At dusk the tutor Benson came,
 With bread and water for his sup,
 And bid him eagerly draw nigh,
 And haste to eat the victuals up.

But Ned of't kiss'd the marble clay,
 Ask'd it to do him one small chore,
 And if it would consent to it,
 He'd never ask it any more ;
 And as the corpse seem'd to consent,
 He dressed it in his clothes quite good,
 And nicely gainst the northern wall,
 The little marble statue stood.

Hurry, and take your supper sir ?
 The Tutor said to Edward Jones ;
 If not I'll early take it home,
 Or dash it gainst the pavement stones.
 Come take it sir, or I will soon,
 Be gone from you in wrath away,
 And you shall have no more to eat,
 Untill to-morrow's break of day.

So Ned Jones from the coffin rose,
 And moved his muscles very still,
 And said in a sepulchral voice,
" If he won't have it, sir I will."

The trembling man, then dropped the things,
 And to his sanctum hurried, flew,
 Being ill for many a troubled day ;
 What ail'd him no one scarcely knew.

And just as Ned put on his clothes
 And fixed the corps again aright,
 Young Oswald Grey came to his ward,
 And bid him soon prepare for flight ;
 And Oswald kissed the palid brow,
 And the cold cheek of Jimmy Young,
 Shedding on his dust the tears,
 That flowed in memory of him long.

And said, " sweet clay shall I not hear,
 E'er more the music of thy tongue ;
 Ah ! cruel fate that struck the blow,
 That parts me from my Jimmy Young.
 I'd love to tarry here awhile,
 And see thee laid within thy grave ;
 But I'll be gone, and far away,
 My tears shall o'er thy memory lave."

They kissed his pallid little hand,
 And pressed two more upon his cheek,
 And said farewell, we must be gone,
 Some unknown prospect for to seek.
 At ten o'clock the lads were known,
 To climb the mountains rugged brow ;
 When darkness mantled them from sight,
 They laid their aching temples low.

And neath a sturdy ancient oak,
 The weary travellers did rest,
 With many a mournful heavy thought,
 Laboring in their wearied breast.
 And Oswald dream'd a holy dream,
 He thought himself upon some hill,
 And at its beauteous winding base,
 There murmur'd forth a lovely rill.

And by it were some fishermen,
 Folding their nets along the shore,
 And walking up and down, as though
 They'd never fish there any more.
 The little rill became a sea,
 And on its breast a little bark,
 And then a heavy tempest rose,
 Then on came night, and it was dark.

But on the mountain all was light,
 God in his own effulgence shone,
 And myriads of men and angels stood,
 Pouring their anthems to his throne.
 And thought he heard dear Jimmy Young,
 Chiming his anthem 'mong the throng ;
 Cause of the great effulgent stream,
 That issued from the mountain's brow,

Young Oswald thought he would haste down
And call upon the men below.

They took him to their little bark,
And every one then bowed the knee,
For fear the heavy, angry storm,
Would wreck them in the troubled sea.

And Oswald prayed aloud, and said,
Now let me die and go to God,
And join with yonder happy throng,
To sing salvation through his blood.
The others ask'd to calm the storm,
And give them all his strengthening grace,
That they may on to duty go,
And stem the storms of life apace.

And from the cloud of glory came,
A holy figure burning bright,
Whose countenance did gently pour,
Its own insufferable light,
And Oswald quivered at his gaze,
Feeling the force of all his sin.
He trembled, lest the holy form,
Should to the vessel's deck come in.
I've heard two prayers, the figure said;
One cannot yet a while be given,
For he has ask'd, through death to take,
His wretched spirit home to heaven.

This can't be now; his heart of sin,
Must yet be changed by Calvary's love,
And many a rigid duty done,
Before he'll make his home above.
And ye, who ask me calm the storm,
Must pardon ask for negligence,

In folding up your fishing nets,
 And going from the streamlet hence,
 And in all darkness trust in me,
 Being mindful of my agony,
 Upon the brow of Calvary.

This said, he bade the winds be still,
 And turned the darkness into day,
 And soared upon his burning wings,
 In dreadful majesty away ;
 And Oswald spoke unto the men,
 And ask'd them of the reason why,
 The streamlet turned into a sea,
 With storms that waved around so high.

They said, we twelve are Ministers,
 And that the stream of time in life ;
 The nets are but the gospel scheme,
 To save men from sin's direful strife,
 And what our master did to us,
 Was chastisement from his own rod,
 Because our hearts grew negligent,
 In bringing sinners back to God ;
 And thou must come into the net,
 Seek now salvation for thy soul,
 That thou may'st sing with yonder throng,
 Long as eternal ages roll,
 For what the master said to thee,
 Must stand to all eternity.

And Oswald's eye turned to the mount,
 Which burn'd in dreadful majesty,
 When all the God-head's glory did,
 Far from his mental vision flee ;
 He woke and lo ! it was a dream,
 For things were not as they did seem.

He touched his friend, young Harry Lloyd,
 Who woke just as the glorious sun,
 Arose in all its majesty ;
 It's daily race through heaven to run ;
 The vision lingering in the soul,
 Of Oswald through the sunny day,
 He knew not how to reach his home,
 But from its threshold went astray.

And night was coming on again,
 And Oswald's wounds felt very sore,
 The cold damp ground had injured them,
 They could not lay out any more ;
 So they applied for lodgings soon,
 Into a little cottage bright,
 And the kind mistress of the house,
 Poured oil into his wounds that night.

And who should she then chance to be,
 But Peggy Lloyd's dear daughter Jane,
 Who knew already all about,
 The story of the window pane.
 She had returned from town that day,
 And knew it as the whole town talk,
 And gladly she refreshed the boys,
 Whose limbs were tired from the walk.

And in the morn her noble John,
 Saddled the ass for Oswald Grey,
 Bidding him God speed, and went
 With him a distance on the way ;
 And young Ned Jones stay'd there a day,
 Mourning for his parted friend.
 And also that he knew not where,
 This tragedy would have an end.

His parents dead, had left their wealth,
 Into a miser uncle's hand,
 Who glad would now have some excuse,
 To send him homeless through the land.
 And Oswald cheered himself along,
 Hoping to see a mothers smile,
 And bask within its radiant light,
 To comfort his sad heart a while.

'Twas after noon, and widow Green,
 Walked out with sister Emma Sleat,
 That Oswald and his mother dear,
 Did on the high-way chance to meet ;
 And Oswald then alighted down,
 And on her bosom wept aloud ;
 Who hastily did enquire what,
 Had thus his lofty spirit bowed.

And she returned with him alone,
 Who told her all his tale of woe,
 And answered all her lips would ask,
 With more than she had heart to know.
 Her home was now at uncle Sam's,
 And he had children, not a few,
 Who after they had come from school,
 Around their little cousin drew.

And listened long to hear him tell,
 The wonders of his magic tale,
 And as the scene was opened up,
 They did their cousin's fate bewail,
 And as the shades of night drew on,
 The family gathered round the fire ;
 Young Oswald did rehearse it all,
 And every heart he did inspire

With pity, love, or anger wild,
 And every passion of the soul,
 Did in succession upward rise,
 And down in angry language roll ;
 And every one philosophized,
 What was the next thing best to do ;
 To send young Oswald back to school,
 And then his tyrant teacher sue.

Or seek if any other school,
 Would take him to its fond embrace,
 After the whole that had occurred,
 So tragical in "Llewellyn place."
 Then Oswald rose with all the flame,
 That Peggy Lloyd his breast inspired,
 And dreadful passion's words did flow,
 That his deep heart of woe had fired.

O ! mother by the loving breast,
 That doth within thee always rest,
 And by the love that thou hast bore
 To my dear father long before,
 And by thy tender love to me,
 Now hear thy child's afflicted plea,
 I ask by the lone grave of whom,
 Now slumbers in that silent tomb.

And by that wondrous harp of gold,
 That I by faith do now behold,
 And by the song I hear alone,
 So full of music from the throne,
 And by the height of that rich song,
 From the sweet harp of Jimmy Young,
 And by his dust in yonder grave,
 And tears that down my cheeks do lave,

O ! send me not to him again ;
 But save this bosom further pain.
 The prayer of eloquence did roll,
 With wonderous power from Oswald's soul ;
 For it had melted all the crowd,
 Who wept with Oswald Grey aloud.

All but the mother wept, her woe
 Had dried the fountain of her tears,
 Although she was accustomed to
 The sorrows of life's troubled years.
 Her courage rose above the pain,
 That rested on her heart of love ;
 Her faith had soared aloft to God,
 Pleading before his throne above.

And light came down upon her heart,
 In answer to her powerful prayer,
 Who in all sorrows seemed to lean,
 Upon her heavenly father's care.
 One trial more was pending too,
 To break her Oswald's stubborn will,
 And make him come obedient to
 Her own, and hush its passions still.

Then to the closet they repaired,
 To offer up a prayer to God,
 And ask'd him then to change his heart,
 And shed his love in it abroad.

And Oswald's heart was melted much,
 The sword of truth had wounded deep,
 For when he rose from off his knees,
 He then was freely known to weep ;
 His mother held the book of God,

And asked him if he really knew,
That God had brought his throne to earth,
On Sinia to the ancient Jew.

To utter ten laws from his throne,
That were to be the laws for men,
And if they were transgressed by them,
They'd bring the wrath of God again ;
And one law in the middle was,
To honour father, mother, dear,
And blessing vast were offered all,
Who would this precept e'er revere.

And as thy father's dead, I have
The honour that was his before,
For I must under God direct,
Thy soul to heaven's eternal shore.

It is my law, that thou shouldst go
Back to thy tutor once again,
And although it seems hard to thee,
Giving thy bosom transient pain ;
Submit, and I will promise thee,
The blessings of this word of heaven,
That from his lip of love were once,
On holy Sinai's mountain given.

And Oswald said, 'tis hard, but yet,
As father's power is hid in thee,
And his own spirit burning pure,
In yonder bright eternity ;
I'll honour his dear memory,
And now submit in love to thee.

One week from thence, the two were seen,
Beside the dread Academy,

And Oswald stood outside the gate,
 Whilst she the principal 'would see ;
 She spoke with fitting dignity,
 Though tenderness ran through each word ;
 For well she saw the troubled man,
 Could not with stronger words accord.

And tears sufficed his tender eye,
 For there lay noble manhood there,
 And she had womanhood, to read
 It flowing through his genius rare,
 And then she did portray her son,
 With all the forces of his will,
 And all the gentle means she took,
 To hush his troubled passions still.

To brute force he would ne'er submit,
 Appeal to all his moral power ;
 And then you'll find he has a soul,
 That 'fore your nobler one will cower.
 And Benson said, I went astray,
 The strange temptation new to me,
 And sudden too, I knew not then,
 How from its subtle snare to flee.

If I could see the lad once more,
 I'd beg his pardon with my tears,
 And take him to my school again,
 And treat him kind through coming years.
 And now a scene of tenderness,
 As touching as was ever told,
 Upon proud history's boasted page,
 In all the touching scenes of old.

They fell upon each others neck,
 As Joseph on his brother's breast ;

And Benson on young Oswald's cheek,
 A kiss of tender feeling pressed,
 And the old love awoke again ;
 Oswald took on himself the blame,
 And it was very grand to hear,
 The noble teacher do the same.

The scene to moral grandeur rose,
 When to the school-room each repaired,
 And every scholar in the house,
 In the pure reconciliation shared ;
 Then every pupil showed respect ;
 The act was noble on each part,
 The tutor's dignity restored,
 And Oswald loved by every heart.

One month from this, vacation came,
 And Oswald Grey went home again,
 With presents from his teacher's hand,
 And letters from his gifted son.
 His mother triumphed in the course,
 That she pursued against the rest,
 And show'd her son that right should rule,
 Triumphant in his youthful breast.

That principle, not passion's power,
 Should reign throughout life's chequered course,
 And then his conscience would be spared,
 The penalty of wild remorse,
 That night would to his bosom bring,
 Contentment, happiness, and peace,
 And joy celestial that would reign—
 And though eternity increase,
 And all these blessings fill the soul,
 Long as eternal ages roll.

The widow's son was twelve years old ;
 Seven years of school life fled away :
 A child of genius, passion, powers ;
 He had been through life's troubled day ;
 His mental acumen and pride,
 Involved his heart in many a woe,
 And sorrows vast in many a scene,
 Did through his kindly spirit flow ;
 Honour and true nobility,
 Were stamped in power upon his brow,
 Valour and love with youthful fire,
 Began to play within him now ;
 His nature in embryo displayed,
 The fatherhood of his future hours ;
 As all the passions of his heart,
 Burn'd bright through all his mental powers.
 And in the town of Oswald's school,
 There dwelt a noble spirit pure,
 Of intellect, and love, and wealth,
 Whose friendship Oswald did secure ;
 She loved the manliness and truth,
 That nature graved upon his breast,
 And in his confidence and love,
 Young Oswald's soul did calmly rest,
 The affection of her heart to him,
 Was all peculiarly her own ;
 For no such singleness of love,
 In other breast was ever known ;
 She watched with pride the glowing power,
 The child displayed in common talk,
 And oft allured him in disguise,
 Into the garden bright to walk ;
 She was a mother dear to him,

As Pharoah's daughter was of yore,
 To Moses in the bulrushes,
 And loved him pr'aps a little more.
 And he began to feel the power,
 His genius flung upon her soul,
 As all the passions of his heart,
 Upon her own did gently roll ;
 She had the faculty to love,
 And genius to discern his worth ;
 She saw that true nobility,
 Came in his nature with his birth,
 And though her parents titles had,
 And fame and wealth beyond degree :
 Yet these were naught to hinder her,
 From loving Oswald Grey quite free ;
 Her heart had only just survived,
 From all the agonies of love,
 That she had borne to *Sir John Hughes*,
 Whose spirit flew to realms above ;
 And she was glad to have a heart,
 So good, so friendly, and so pure ;
 Whose love and noble constancy,
 Would with her own through time endure ;
 And glad was she to turn the tide
 Of love she bore the soul that fled,
 And pour its holy torrent free,
 Upon our hero's gifted head.
 It lessened some the pain she bore,
 And gave her comfort much to know,
 That kinder sympathy profound,
 Did in his bosom to her flow,
 For Oswald knew the wondrous love,
 In all its forms and windings vast,

And how it hovered round his brow,
 As long as Sir John's love did last ;
 And how it stood upon his grave,
 And poured the passion of its breast,
 Into the sad and sacred tomb,
 Where his young weary brow did rest ;
 He knew the rival families pride,
 That rose as barren to each friend,
 And many a subtle plot he laid,
 Before the tragic scene did end ;
 He plotted oft, as Joab did,
 To get young Absalom returned,
 Back to the Palace of the King,
 Whose pride and honour kept him back,
 A distance from his father's throne,
 Tekoa's genius did the deed,
 That brought him to his native town,
 And Harold asked as did she,
 In many a cunning strategy.

For Sir John knowing all the hate,
 His father bore her parents fame,
 And all the woe his heart must bear,
 If she for him would change her name ;
 And Oswald knew how oft they thought,
 To flee into some distant land ;
 And how the parents chanced to know,
 And hinder it by strong commands ;
 And how Sir John at moonlight did,
 Open a wide vein in his arm,
 And bleed to death within the bower,
 None but his dog to give the alarm ;
 And how she failed to meet him there,

Which caused the fatal deed being done ;
 'Twas he was sent to tell him why,
 She failed that evening to him run ;
 'Twas he first saw her lover lie,
 Fast in the strong embrace of death,
 Only in time to hear him tell,
 Why he resigned his fatal breath ;
 He heard him tell how dark despair,
 Had turned his brain a little while,
 And how some dark satanic power,
 Did then his wandering heart beguile,
 Tempting him then to do the deed,
 For which he now did sorrow free,
 And sought the pardon that kind heaven,
 Had given through faith in Calvary.
 'Twas Oswald that like lightning fled,
 To tell his own Physician where,
 The great Sir John lay on the brink
 Of death in total dark despair,
 'Twas Oswald's oath that shielded her,
 From the dark hatred of the foe,
 Who'd fain attributed the deed,
 To her, to cause that life to flow ;
 'Twas all this caused her heart to love,
 Young Oswald and his genius too,
 Who many a gift and sacred boon,
 Received from her own kindness true.

Some days before vacation came,
 Our hero went away through Wales,
 And in the Stage-Coach had a view,
 Of its majestic hills and dales,
 And loved them much, for they awoke,

The genius that did lie within.
 He loved proud nature strong indeed,
 Whose brow seem'd, then untouched by sin ;
 His passion roll'd as nature rose,
 As she in majesty did tower ;
 Her varied beauties struck his soul,
 And woke imagination's power.

And thus he touched his harp and sang,
 O ! virgin pure, how fair art thou,
 My genius and my heart to thee,
 Would in devotion lowly bow,
 For thou art fair, no sinful power,
 Has stained the beauty of thy face ;
 Thou seemest in thy pride to bear,
 No curse upon thy beauteous face.

A Curate in the stage disturbed,
 The music of his youthful soul,
 As it in hallowed strains aloft,
 In even numbers seemed to roll.
 Young bard thy own theology
 Is now at war with God's dear truth ;
 Once she was stainless as thou saidst,
 When she was in her bridal youth,
 But sin has entered, and the curse
 Is seen on yon hill's haggard brow,
 Behold yon craggy rock and see,
 It sullen form affront me now.

His harp went on and seemed to say,
 If in thy widowhood thou art,
 What glorious robes must once have shone,
 What glory once did round thee dart.
 If these are mourning garments worn

By thee, once smitten by his hand,
 How glorious are these rags thus torn,
 Once by the power of God's command ;
 And I do love thee, though thy bones,
 Protrude upon yon 'craggy hill ;
 I fain would tear part of that robe
 That's scattered by yon fruitful rill,
 And hide thy naked front from view,
 To check the infidels proud sneer,
 And for thy former glory shed,
 The tribute of a Poet's tears.

Nature though cursed, yet beautiful ;
 God's face is in that mirror bright,
 And seems to me to ope his lips,
 To teach my feet to step aright,
 And I will love thee, virgin fair,
 And sing of all thy little flowers,
 From daisies to the glorious oak.
 Shall in their turn command my powers.

For I do feel a power within,
 Kin to the magic of those spells,
 That ruled the heart to sing "sweet home,"
 Or tuned the Lyre to "Katy Wells ;"
 Or I can feel as Homer felt,
 When strains of Poetry did roll,
 From out his nature broad and deep,
 Down the deep fountains of his soul.
 O ! that some kindred soul were here,
 So to describe the first deep thrill
 When Poetry as some bold stream,
 Did dash its way without the will.
 Thus Oswald Grey's sweet strain went on,

Until the Coach-man's journey ends ;
 Then to a farmer's home in pride,
 His youthful foot-prints onward bends.

And all discerned his face a glow,
 As though some afflatus did reign,
 And shed its hallowed circling beams,
 In glory from his youthful brain,
 Or as though some angelic form,
 Had come to talk with him a while,
 And bid the radiance of his face,
 Upon young Harold Manfred's smile.

A fellow scholar had been ill,
 And Harold took him to his home,
 And that accounts for reasons why,
 He did thus through the country roam ;
 While there the news come on the wing,
 That his dear Lady Bibby died ;
 For as he read the weekly sheet,
 The startling fact he soon espied,
 What untold agony did reign,
 Throughout the frantic Poet's brain.

I must be gone, he wildly said,
 Nor bid the inmate one farewell ;
 Nor did he open up his breast,
 Nor any of its anguish tell ;
 He knew the stage went not that hour,
 But love devised her subtle way,
 And scorn'd obstructions that the hills,
 Gave him to reach the town 'fore day ;
 'Twas grand to see him climb 'fore dusk.
 The craggy rocks two miles from there,
 And see the passionate power of love,

Support his heart against despair.
 The sun flung its last mellow ray,
 Gilding the summit of the rock,
 The circle round its dusky eye,
 Gave omen of a thunder shock ;
 And darkness gathered o'er the sky,
 And wrapt him in its sackcloth deep,
 While he repairing to his knees,
 In agony of prayer to weep.
 Nature, of whom he sung so sweet,
 Appeared to pour upon his head,
 The fury of her anger wild,
 That he then wished himself were dead ;
 He waited there till midnight's gloom,
 Hung o'er in all the power of night,
 Then lifts his anxious eye to see,
 A lovely form all burning bright ;
 It was the form of one he loved,
 Her face he tenderly did know,
 And he would speak, but that he saw
 Her holy countenance a glow ;
 He would not have her speak to him,
 Though glad she met him on her way,
 To that unmortal world of bliss,
 Where breaks the light of heaven's own day.
 His flesh felt far too weak to talk,
 With that pure object of his love ;
 He only said " I'll follow thee,
 Far into those bright worlds above."
 Then she receded from his view ;
 He only heard one holy song,
 And multitudes of voices broke,
 In music from that happy throng.

Then he was happy, for his faith,
 Had gained an inspiration deep ;
 He brushed the dew-drops from his eyes,
 And said I will no longer weep ;
 The scene was so sublimely grand,
 The lonely rock, the sable night,
 The lad alone, and then the form,
 Clothed in her attributes of light,
 And see the lad upon her gaze,
 As did Elisha once of yore,
 Who in the longings of his soul,
 Did those deep words of sorrow pour.

“My father, O ! my father, thou
 The chariot of Israel and horsemen ;
 O ! shall I never more behold,
 Thy prophet’s face on earth again.”
 Though now no chariot was in view,
 The form did move, and upward soar’d,
 And Oswald’s mind did tower aloft,
 With her’s to that eternal shore,
 And though the storm without did rage,
 In fury ’round his aching brow ;
 There seemed some power t’ uplift his soul,
 Above its savage terror now.
 He followed her beyond the bound,
 Where matter holds her golden throne,
 And on to brighter realms afar,
 His noble towering soul had flown ;
 He thought he saw her meet that form,
 More glorious than the sun’s so bright,
 Whose burning countenance of fire,
 Gives glory to that land of light.

He thought he saw the crown, the throne,
 The sceptre and the golden palm,
 With Harp to sing the holy song,
 Of "Moses and the slaughtered Lamb ;"
 He thought he saw her meet the shade,
 Of that dear soul on earth she knew ;
 Whose soul was clothed in beauteous robe,
 Dyed in golgotha's purple hue ;
 And then his consciousness returned
 Back, to behold his rocky bed,
 And feel the thunder and the storm,
 That played round his defenceless head.
 The lightning helped him to behold,
 The gulph between him and the town ;
 And the deep stream that roll'd anon,
 To which his feet were hastening down.

I must be home before the morn,
 He said, and pressed his feet with care,
 Down the tremendous precipice ;
 Grasping the rock, he sighed a prayer,
 And asked for help to guide him o'er,
 The deep, dark stream that rolled below.
 Safely the other side the shore,
 And heaven was kind, for as he dashed
 His bosom to the angry wave,
 Some unseen cherubim were sent,
 The little Pilgrim's life to save ;
 For when he reached the lofty brow,
 Of the bald rock the other side,
 He struck his harp with music deep,
 And tuned his new born Lyre with pride.
 So the sweet song his harp had tuned,

Was published in the papers free ;
 And every one who read it said,
 This song will live immortally.

THE SONG.

Have I then the Poet's nature,
 Slumbering in my bosom long ;
 Why not then awake the music,
 In a Poet's deathless song ;
 For the scenes I've past are able,
 Deep to strike my breast of fire ;
 And down from its deep foundations,
 Holiest sentiment inspire.

Give the diamond to print here,
 On this rock what I have felt,
 As I 'fore God's throne of glory,
 In humility have knelt.
 As my troubled feet have wandered,
 Mid those scenes of strange delight
 Darkness, sable Goddess, mantled,
 Me beneath Egyptian night.

Lurid lightnings played around me,
 Thunder-peals roll'd o'er my head ;
 Neath my feet tempestuous waters,
 Threat to lay me with the dead ;
 There alone where wildest nature,
 Threw her craggy hills around,
 Fain enough she called the heavens,
 Angrily to smite the ground.

When my feet were gently treading,
 Hoping to escape her blow,

Still more terrible she rages,
 Thus to lay my temple low.
 As I gently was descending,
 And could scarcely move at all ;
 As I pass'd down to the cavern,
 Where roar'd loud the water-fall.

At that sullen stream I stood me,
 As Elijah stood of old,
 By the brook of Kedron's waters,
 With his sorrows never told ;
 Or like Moses, ancient hero,
 Who brought Israel safely to
 The Red Sea whose waves were tossing,
 Waiting there to bear them through.

Baalzephon's mighty fortress,
 With her towers on the right ;
 Piahiroths mount ascending
 On the left to heaven's height ;
 The Red Sea before them tossing,
 Her proud waves against their feet,
 And their enemies behind them,
 No place for them to retreat.

But thou mighty God of Jacob,
 Heardst thy servant Moses cry,
 We stood still whilst thou divinedst,
 Means to bring salvation nigh.

Or I stand like Israel's poet,
 Who struck early on his Lyre,
 Hymns of praise to Eel Shadai ;
 Moved by some seraphic fire,
 When his enemies pursued him,

Round the rock of Engeddi,
Thirsting for his blood in battle,
And triumphant victory.

Pour that inspiration on me,
Let me feel it from above ;
Pour it on my heart to hymn thee
Songs of gratitude and love ;
As thou still art friendly to us
Sinners crying in distress ;
To my rescue thou hast kindly
Saved me through thy "righteousness."

Thou didst bid those rocks support me,
As I at their base did stand ;
O'er those waters thou convey'dst me,
With thine own almighty hand ;
And it is a little token,
That thou 'lt come again some day,
To assuage death's furious tempest,
When thou'llt bear my soul away.

As I've crossed, aid me to travel,
Yet six miles of rugged path,
Which the people rightly named it,
In their language "*Lwybyr y gath*."
As I plunged within those waters,
Trusting in an arm divine,
While I sank beneath its billows,
Thou didst lift this head of mine.

And I asked when roared the tempest,
When the thunder pealed around,
And the lurid lightning's flashing,
Burning up the trees around,

If I perished in the waters,
 And my humble body sink,
 Let some wandering kindred spirit
 Find it on this river's brink ;
 Then convey it to my mother,
 As the only relic left,
 For to pour affection's tears,
 On it from a heart bereft,
 Let him pour his muse upon me,
 Till its fulness all is known,
 Lavished to immortalize me,
 A kin spirit to his own,
 That my mother oft may sing it,
 Over my untimely grave,
 When my spirit shall immortal.
 Palms of victory shall wave ;
 And wing swift its pinion downward,
 The unbroken heights above,
 That its weepings it may mingle,
 Deeply with a mother's love ;
 Whisper in her thought, so gently,
 Things to steal her heart away,
 To that country where my soul would
 Shine in one eternal day ,
 But no bard need tune his music,
 I will strike my own in love,
 To that Providence that kept me,
 By his power from above.
 The Llwyn Hall I see before me,
 Towering 'bove the lofty trees,
 And its spires, nobly breasting,
 Every whistle of the breeze.

I'll begone and in the morning,
 I shall see her marble clay,
 'Fore it be entombed for ever,
 'Till the awful Judgment Day,
 And I'll kiss those lips now palsied,
 That have often kissed my own,
 And would doubtless fling another,
 To me from her lofty throne.

So Oswald came and gave his song,
 That he had written on the way,
 To certain friends that loved it well,
 And had it published the next day,
 And Oswald followed his dear friend,
 With anguish to the silent grave,
 Then bid his heart have courage true,
 The Future storms of life to brave.
 And Lady Bibby, ere her death,
 Had left some presents for to send,
 By Oswald's hand to Glassgood Hall,
 To give them to a noble friend ;
 And 'mong them was a beauteous flower,
 The everlasting was its name,
 And with her dying hand had wrote,
 That Oswald Grey should take the same.
 The letter ran like this, and said,
 My darling Hattie I must die,
 And leave this beauteous sunny world ;
 With all its pomp and heraldy,
 And glad I am the friendly tomb,
 Will hide from view my broken heart,
 And in the agonies of death,
 I weep to from thy friendship part.

And by the tenderness of life,
 With all the love I bear to thee,
 I ask one dying, small, request,
 Deny it not my friend to me,
 Thou'st heard me speak of Oswald Grey,
 And know'st the love to him I bear,
 Thou knowst his love and constancy,
 Through all thy friend's protracted care.
 I do bequeath a little sum,
 To carry him through life afar,
 For well I know his intellect,
 Will shine as some celestial star ;
 But he is in a world so rude,
 Too cold and cruel for his soul,
 And I do fear its tenderness,
 A prey to cruelty may fall.
 And I do ask thee be to him,
 What thou hast been to me through life,
 And shield his young defenseless head.
 From all the terrors of its strife,
 If God will let me I will come,
 And hover o'er you oft by night,
 And do some tender office work,
 When I shall be a seraph bright.
 As Oswald will be near thee now,
 Oh ! brush away his tears for me,
 And tell him thou wilt be his friend,
 Though I'll be in eternity.
 And Hattie Thornton's heart was moved,
 And tears roll'd from her deep blue eyes,
 And thought that Lady Bibby's soul,
 Could see her through the starry skies.

And Oswald's tears roll'd thick and fast,
 He felt so friendless and alone,
 Since Lady Bibby's soul had fled,
 To shine beneath Jehovah's throne,
 And Hattie stroked his noble brow,
 And spoke deep words of tenderness,
 And told him she would be his friend,
 In every hour of distress.

And said I see within thy soul,
 Strong powers that now are left forlorn,
 That need the sculptor's hands on them,
 As marble from the quarry torn,
 And in thy tender heart I see,
 The source that moved my friend's deep love,
 And why her spirit clung to thee,
 Before she left for worlds above.

And I do covet the deep love,
 That thou didst pour upon her heart,
 And if thou canst, Oh let my soul,
 Receive of thine that noble part ;
 And Oswald blushed ; for though a boy
 He had a soul of power within,
 That seemed to sense all passions that
 Played in our fallen heart of sin.

Our hero wonder'd at the power
 He did exert on all around,
 And felt his youthful life to be
 With Providential mercies crowned ;
 And Oswald thought some unseen power,
 Did move life's drama all along,
 And could but mention it with tears,
 Both in his prayer and in his song.

So Oswald Grey soon left the school ;
 Vacation came, and home he went ;
 As soon as Hattie Thornton knew,
 She for our little hero sent,
 The lofty eloquence she threw
 Around his character and name,
 With his romantic history,
 Had brought him there a little fame.

Lord Thornton, curious then to know,
 The genius, of whom Hattie spoke,
 Wish'd then to test his youthful brain
 With many a quaint and witty joke ;
 Each answer and retort was good,
 Full of neat etiquette and wit,
 That Hattie's portrait of the lad,
 Was heightened by each salient hit.

Lord Thornton then remembered well,
 That he was the same little lad,
 That Carlo rescued from the flames,
 And made his mother's heart so glad ;
 The very same, of whom he said,
 To his dear mother long ago ;
 " I will remember thee and thine,
 " In any other future woe."

So lady Hattie quickly rode,
 In haste in search of widow Grey,
 To ask consent if she should take,
 The lad from his sweet home away ;
 She made her many a promise fair,
 And pictured out the life so bright,
 And all the images she drew,
 Brought in her anxious soul delight.

The humble widow feared her God,
 And would not now incur his frown,
 For all the glittering gold and wealth,
 With which she could her Oswald crown ;
 She never took one step in life,
 Without consulting God above ;
 Whose providence had guided her,
 With his munificence of love.

One week of prayer before his throne,
 And I will send you word again ;
 Be patient lady Thornton dear,
 And I will give an answer then ;
 Then lady Hattie galloped home,
 She hid the answer in her breast,
 But lingered the appointed time,
 She judged it so to be the best.

Such answers would be foreign to
 The darkness of the carnal mind ;
 For every one within the Hall,
 Was to the righteous blessing blind.
 The week of struggling prayer was o'er ;
 The widow felt her path-way clear,
 And for his education's sake,
 She'd part a while with Oswald dear.

She then committed him to God,
 And asked him to o'er-rule the whole,
 That nothing of their pomp would taint,
 The native sweetness of his soul ;
 And that the holy love he bore,
 To her in all her poverty,
 May never be perverted, though
 Surrounded by such majesty.

And she had confidence in him,
 She knew his native strength of heart,
 And trusted that its holy love,
 Would never from her own depart.
 One year had fled ; and Oswald Grey
 Partly enjoyed his lustrous home,
 For while he followed hounds and hares,
 The arrows of the Lord would come,
 The fires from Jehovah's truth,
 Would pierce through all his nature deep ;
 That often you could see the lad
 Retire back to the bower to weep ;
 Two forces worked upon his heart,
 The power of Hattie Thorton's love,
 And deep convictions of his sins
 Against the eternal throne above.

And they preyed heavy on his soul,
 His flesh departed from his bones,
 For often in the lonely night,
 The servant heard his prayer and groans ;
 The charm of Glassgood Hall had gone,
 Its varied beauties seemed to flee,
 It could not fascinate a soul,
 Whose powers felt sin's deep misery.

For the idea he conceived
 Of sin's enormity was great,
 Rising high as the Majesty
 Of the Creator's Judgment Seat ;
 And all his stately mental powers
 Arose to grandeur in the theme.
 'Till by and by Salvation's light
 Upon his soul began to gleam.

HIS CONVICTION OF SIN.

The moral conflicts were sublime,
As they each labored on his will,
That angels in their errands stood
Aghast, to view the battle still,
For Satan's vast artillery threw
Their potent missiles to his heart,
That only for his active shield
He would have fallen before his dart.

It seemed to him as though the whole
Intelligence of heaven and earth,
Were crowded 'round his being now
To write the annals of his birth ;
And all the eternal purposes
Of God seem'd ushering 'round his soul
To guide the issues of its fate
In safety to its final goal.

Varied and long the conflicts last,
Sometimes his moral powers were bowed,
While all satanic forces did
Around his noble spirit crowd ;
When ever Oswald Grey conceived
The majesty of any scheme.
He bent his nature all to grasp
The object of his worthy theme.

And it was so when life and death
Were issue's in the balance, then
The evolutions of his soul
Could ne'er be drawn by mortal pen ;

It seemed as though some mighty souls,
 From other worlds were 'round his own,
 For all his mortal reasonings were
 Founded on light from heaven's throne.

HIS PRAYER IN THE GARDEN.

It happened too that Oswald Grey
 Retired within the garden fair,
 And hid among the bushes vast,
 Secluded for an hour of prayer ;
 And in the anguish of his soul,
 His words and arguments seemed fired,
 With all the faith and devotion,
 That had some prophet's breast inspired.

'Twas in an eve when Autum's sun
 Did fling his golden lingering ray,
 That Lord and Lady Thornton too
 Did happen for a walk that way,
 They heard some words of desperate power,
 And stopp'd to see from whence they came,
 When in a moment more they heard
 Grey accent his Creator's name.

They heard him promise if his love
 Should ever fill his little heart,
 That he'd forsake fair Glassgood Hall,
 And from its pomp and pride depart ;
 And yet, he said, I have one power
 That clings deep to my nature now,
 And it prevents my naked soul -
 In freedom 'fore thy throne to bow.

I cannot tear it from my breast,
 This power belongs to the alone,
 'Tis Hattie Thornton, Lord that stands
 Between me and thy naked throne ;
 The happy pair retired nor said
 A word about the prayer of Grey,
 Nor took upon them yet to him,
 That they had been a walk that way.

That night young Oswald dreamed a dream,
 So beautiful, surpassing, grand,
 About those awful scenes beyond ;
 Far, far in the great spirit land.
 In after years Grey strung his harp,
 And sung thus of his noted dream,
 That colored all his destiny,
 By lights that round his soul did gleam.

HIS DREAM.

Poetic power transfer my soul,
 Back to those realms where wonders roll ;
 Back to those scenes of holy light,
 Where dreadful images so bright,
 Hang o'er my sleep in th' depths of night.

In tender years when youthful thought,
 And mental power lay yet untaught,
 In all this darkened world's vast creeds,
 That move the purpose, shapes the deeds.
 'Twas in such days of budding youth,
 That heaven did deign to teach me truth,
 When wondrous images roll'd by,
 O'er shadowed by eternity.

When sleep had with his magic wand,
 Laid low my powers at her command ;
 When all these scenes of which I sing,
 Did round my mental powers cling.
 Twelve fleeting years had scarcely blest,
 The functions of life's fleeting breast ;
 When some great power from on high,
 Came then to call me to the sky ;
 Or in the flesh, or not no power,
 Has told me to this present hour.

Darkness that sable goddess, threw
 Her mantle o'er the world below ;
 She reigned supreme, holding controll,
 O'er half the world, from pole to pole.

'Twas in the depths of that dark eve,
 That thought her loftiest scenes did weave,
 And throw the shadows o'er my breast ;
 Robbing my nature of its rest,
 When all my powers seemed to flee,
 Far to the deep eternity.
 Creation underneath hid roll,
 Void of its usual control ;
 No power we think but the divine,
 Could cause such wondrous things to shine.
 I seem'd to see with Angels eyes,
 The glory of th' eternal skies.
 All natures realms were widening far,
 Beyond what we could here compare ;
 All things and laws that came to view,
 My mental powers that moment knew ;
 But some uncomprehended dread,
 Through the long hours crept o'er my head.

All things connected with my state,
 Spoke of some sad impending fate ;
 Scenes passed along though I could not,
 Portray the wondrous forms they wrought ;
 They passed away, when world on world,
 Were at each other in anger hurled ;
 Cleaving each through, just where I stood.
 Rocks, mountains, and the swelling flood,
 By power I deem'd to be from God.

I stood alone in the garden bower,
 Viewing the glories in nature's power ;
 When the earth clove through by the dash of a
 world,

That heaven in anger at earth had hurled.
 It clove earth through close at my feet,
 As natures glories my eyes did greet ;
 The world as an apple was cut in two,
 Revealing its treasure of varied hue,
 Iron and ores, its gold and lead,
 Were all revealed from their hidden bed.

The cause of Volcanoes and Ætna's fires,
 Were seen by this last of earth's funeral fires,
 Another great world then came whirling by,
 Striking the spot where the bard did lie ;
 And Glasgood Hall in a thousand parts,
 Was smitten with all its inmates hearts,
 And a voice as loud as a thunder's roar,
 Cried out that time should be no more,
 And call'd me to judgment that life was o'er ;
 And then at the sound of the voice I fled,
 With millions of th' resurrected dead.
 Then thousands of thunders were joined in one,

And muttered o'er earth a terrible groan ;
 When fire and water, let loose to fight,
 Revealing their natures in terrible might,
 I stood just a moment to look at the earth,
 Burn all to ashes with its untold worth ;
 Its cities, once decked with marble and gold,
 Were deluged with fire, as with water of old.
 As prophets in holy mission had told,
 And every vestige of greatness had flown,
 As though it never on earth had been known.

For my impudence of staying an hour,
 To see the glories of nature cower,
 Before the terrors of the Judge's power ;
 An Angel came flying and smote my arm,
 And causing my spirit take early alarm ;
 For fear the judge should angry be,
 And hurl'd a sentence of woe on me ;
 And while we both were flying along,
 With our eyes fastened on the million throng,
 I spied two vacant spots where we,
 Should fill 'fore the throng complete should be ;
 The one on the right was the angel's lot,
 My own on the left, a darker spot.

The form in which the terrible throne,
 Was placed in the midst of the heavens alone,
 All lurid of glory and burning as fire,
 Before which the universe around did retire,
 And seraphs as gazing did cover their brow ;
 And oft neath their wings their faces did throw.
 'Twas grand beyond all my strong power to tell,
 And it held o'er my genius a wondrous spell,
 To look at its glory by gazing an hour,

Was enough to make saints in their glory to cower.
 And there were old Noah, and Moses, and John,
 And Paul the apostle as bright as the sun,
 And there were the millions as far as my eye,
 As stretching its vision their glory espie.
 No shadow of fear was seen then to rest,
 Or cause ever a ruffle in their placid breast.

But O ! on the left hand, what dark, dark despair,
 Was written on every sad countenance there ;
 What terrible fire flash'd in every eye,
 Confusion and anguish rose in every sigh ;
 And 'tween the two parties a high-way was rent,
 And each on his own way to judgment was sent.
 One road was paved with some beautiful gold,
 And beautiful too, for the eye to behold ;
 And close by its side was another dark road,
 That brought all the guilty to the throne of God.
 Then I with anxiety trembled to know,
 On which of these roads to the throne I would go ;
 Each wonder'd to see whom first he would call,
 And lo ! it was Oswald, from Glassgood Hall ;
 And then the old prophets and ministers eyes,
 Were fixed on my foot-steps as I did rise ;
 And lo ! on the dark road my guilty feet trod,
 In tremor to meet now my angry God.

I looked on my Judge with the heart of a child,
 I saw, though a Judge, that he yet was mild ;
 My fears were gone, though I stood on the left,
 Of every vestige of goodness bereft ;
 I looked at the Judge with a pitiful eye,
 And hoped to touch his heart with my sigh.
 His head was as white as the driven snow ;

His feet like brass in fire did glow ;
 His eyes did glow like a flame of fire,
 And the host would before their light retire,
 Had his power not held them all back by his word,
 To gaze on their once incarnate Lord.

He opened the book at the head of the roll ;
 My name was written with the deeds of my soul ;
 He read out my thoughts, and my purposes vast,
 And my works that in evil moulds had been cast,
 With all the bad influence my heart had thrown,
 Against his own immaculate throne.
 He weighed all my guilt, then he left it to roll,
 In all its omnipotent power on my soul,
 And all on the left cried guilty allow'd,
 As my heart neath the weight of my sins had
 bowed ;

I stood there alone, Demon's eyes at me glared,
 And myriads of saints at my spirit stared,
 And guilty was written still on my brow,
 I thought my doom fixed eternally now.
 On the right on the throne lay a ball of fire,
 It was but a ball of beautiful wire,
 And an angel took it and bound one hand,
 And led me along at the Judge's command ;
 And over a banister near the throne,
 He let my trembling nature down,
 Beneath my great Redeemer's frown.

And dark despair crept over my heart,
 As I did from his presence depart ;
 I hung on the wire till I passed the old world,
 Where I had seen once many banners unfurl'd ;
 And all was gone then save a fragment of state,

And a part of the Hall that I had lived in of late,
 And there in a window looking out at the fire,
 Stood Hattie and gazed, for she failed to retire.
 She knew me and hail'd me, to leap there to her,
 And in her behalf with the Lord to confer ;
 But I quickly replied, I am lost, and must die,
 I'm now on my way to my doomed misery,
 Because I did love thee and did not decline,
 To love thee instead of the nature divine ;
 So Oswald enquired how is it that thou,
 Didst not to the fiat of heaven's law bow,
 When all earth was summoned to meet at yon
 throne ;

How is it that thou art left here alone ?
 'Twere better that thou shouldst be there for to see,
 What tender compassion the Judge may give thee,
 Than stay here to suffer amid the wild flame ;
 Do the books not happen to mention thy name ?
 They record my name and the deeds of my life,
 They tell of its joys, of its sorrows, and strife ;
 But I am left here, that thou mightest see,
 The doom and the final of earth's vanity.
 The string was let down, and young Oswald alone,
 Was hurried a greater space yet from the throne,
 Until he came down to that ocean of fire,
 Where all the lost spirits must ever retire ;
 The waves of that ocean were rolling along,
 But its terrors could never be told in my song ;
 And just at the moment two beings came flying,
 As Oswald in terrible anguish was crying.
 The one was all robed in his vestments of light,
 The other was clothed in the darkness of night ;
 The dark one was holding in hand a large knife,

Adroitly he wielded the blade in the strife ;
 He labored to sever asunder the string,
 To which the poor sinner young Oswald did cling.
 But at every stroke of that dark spirit's power,
 The bright seraph shielded him in the dread hour,
 And Oswald felt hope beaming up in his heart,
 As he from the dread pit of woe did depart ;
 For as the two spirits were struggling in fight,
 The wire drew Oswald up out of their sight ;
 And back to the throne he was took mid the throng,
 Who gazed on this wondrous phenomenon long ;
 For as he was coming Oswald heard them all cry,
 He's coming, he's coming back to us on high ;
 And just as our hero put his foot on the road,
 That led him again to the throne of his God,
 The rage of old Satan grew desperate strong,
 And said, I will damn him amid this dark throng.
 But Jesus rebuked him by the word of his power,
 When Satan before his creator did cower ;
 Then Oswald did look to the Saviour's kind face,
 And saw it yet beaming with mercy and grace ;
 He hasten'd to take of his garment a hold,
 With faith that did press him in language so bold,
 And said if I perish, I'll perish close by,
 The throne of my saviour who did for me die ;
 Peradventure one drop of his blood may yet fall,
 And cleanse the dark imprints of guilt on my soul.
 As Oswald sprang up for to grasp Jesus' breast,
 And pillow his soul on his bosom for rest ;
 The effort awoke him, for he sprang on the floor,
 When he found it a dream, and that all was now
 o'er.

The inmates that heard him, sprang up for to see,

What the source of this wonderful noise could
then be ;

They saw our young hero low bending in prayer,
Pouring out of his bosom its sorrows and care ;
Lord Thornton and lady were wondering why,
Such sorrows of spirit came up in each sigh ;
His reason has left him or why all this woe,
And anguish of soul that he doth undergo.

This is but the climax of the prayer that we heard,
In the garden last evening, as he cried to the Lord ;
Religion has driven our pet Oswald mad ;
'Tis a pity for he was a beautiful lad.

Nay, nay, answered Oswald, pray let me alone,
To struggle a while for my life at the throne ;
For Jesus can pardon ? I've seen him this hour,
And know I can feel of his pardoning power,
And then I'll be happy and love you the more,
And tell what I saw on eternity's shore.

So Hattie came in, she had dressed in great haste,
It mattered not now about her lofty caste ;
She gazed with anxiety on his sweet brow,
And sympathized deep with its agony now,
For her heart learned to love him with passionate
love,

And with her dear Oswald through the wide world
would rove.

All the pride and the pomp of the Hall would not
weigh,

A straw in the balance with her love that day,
She revelled a while in his great mental powers,
And felt all the force of his heart mid the bowers ;
She knew the nobility born with his heart,
And could not from her Oswald Grey e'er depart.

And he did love her, and her beautiful worth,
 Apart from the lofty descent of her birth ;
 But the love that he bore her would hinder him
 long,

To sing the sweet music of Jesus' new song ;
 So now he determined by faith for to see,
 And feel the salvation from sin's misery.

It was night and the family wished to retire,
 But Oswald was pleased to stay by the fire,
 And struggle in spirit till his soul was set free,
 And washed in the blood that flowed on Calvary ;
 So young Hattie Thornton felt the force of the
 light,

That shone round young Oswald's deep nature so
 bright,

The arrows of heaven's truth around quickly flew,
 And tears of repentance to Hattie's eyes drew ;
 She knew not the way to the cross as did he ;
 It was taught him in childhood at his mother's
 knee ;

And when they both met to unbosom their heart,
 He revealed his experience to her spirit in part ;
 And her soul was transported at the wonderful plan,
 Projected by heaven to save sinful man ;

The love that once glowed in the cross and its death,
 Amazed her strong reason, and lit up her faith,
 And her soul caught the fire of Golgotha's love,
 That brought her creator from his bright throne
 above.

Each help'd one another in search of the right,
 They struggled together for heavenly light,
 And both felt the pardon come down from high,

In virtue of the power of far famed Calvary ;
 And the same blessed spirit that witnessed the
 truth,

And sanctified Oswald in the days of his youth,
 Told young Hattie Thornton her sins were forgiven,
 That her feet were now placed on the bright road
 to heaven,

And now they were twins in the kingdom of God,
 For ever revealing his glory abroad,
 And shedding the light of salvation afar,
 And shining as bright as some radiant star.

Lord Thornton wondered what the end
 Of this phenomenon would be ;
 He thought to cure his daughter, by
 Sending her beside the sea,
 And Oswald to be sent to school,
 For fear his mind would yet run mad ;
 For something wonderful he said,
 Had happened to his little lad.

He loved him well, and could not think,
 To banish him from out his door,
 But hoped the trouble soon would end,
 To come again to him no more ;
 In any fate the two agreed,
 To correspond and tell how they,
 Were each succeeding in their souls,
 As journeying in the narrow way.

They promised too, if life be spared,
 That each to each, united be,
 In holy matrimonial band,
 Despite unknown fatality.

She was his senior a few years,
 Yet she had learned to love him well,
 For all his noble mental powers,
 Threw o'er her heart its wondrous spell.

But as they say that all true love,
 Can never through life smoothly run ;
 Some fatal power between the two,
 Had its unfriendly course began ;
 That wondrous garden prayer was heard,
 About "resigning Hattie up,
 If God would pardon all his sins,
 And take from him that bitter cup."

Had now begun to weigh upon,
 The lady's and her lord's heart too ;
 And each consulted what was best,
 For them in such events to do ;
 For Hattie loved him well they knew,
 And since her heart was christianized,
 If Oswald's offer be renewed,
 It would not be by her despised.

Hattie was sent to Plymouth town,
 And Oswald back to school in Wales,
 Where many of his early days,
 Were spent amid its mountain gales ;
 And Dicky Duckett then was sent,
 To intercept their letters all,
 And bring them each in triumph to,
 His lordship there to Glasgood Hall.

And thus their plans were all disclosed ;
 They thought to cross the ocean far,
 And in old India's heathen land,

Shine ever as some lustrous star ;
 So lady Thornton hastened soon,
 To fetch her from the sweet sea side,
 Determined when she got her home,
 She there should closely long abide.

They tried seductive measures long,
 To steal her heart from God away,
 And tried to fill it with earth's mirth,
 And bid her spirit yet be gay.
 They said that Oswald Grey was dead,
 To pine for him was now in vain,
 Since she could never see his face,
 This side eternity again.

That fact did fall upon her heart,
 As some dread thunderbolt of power ;
 It gnawed life's strong vitality,
 Which 'fore its potency did cower ;
 Her rosy beauty then took wing ;
 Her soul more spiritual became,
 And only in solitude was heard,
 To whisper accents of his name.

Six months had fled and yet no power,
 Could e'er restore her back to health,
 Though science, genius, all engaged,
 With all the influence of wealth.

So they determined some lone hour,
 To talk to her of Oswald Grey,
 And to suspect him yet alive,
 That he may yet return some day ;
 They said they would now advertise,
 In every paper in the land,

That peradventure he may live,
And yet return at their command.

For well they knew that the disease,
Could not be reached by mortal power,
Except that Oswald had some balm,
To save her from the fatal hour.
They read to her one happy morn,
That Oswald was not really dead ;
That he had only been too ill,
To leave his long afflicted bed.

But that his health was better now,
And that in three short days he'd come,
To see his Hattie Thornton yet,
Around his dear adopted home ;
And orders many then were given,
For Oswald Grey rooms to prepare ;
And her own hand would pluck the flowers,
To adorn them with such beauty rare.

And then she wrote her thought of love,
And pinn'd them to the rose's leaf ;
And told him how she waited long,
And spent her days and nights in grief ;
And that the flowers that he brought,
From lady Bibby long before,
Was left him as a type of love,
That lasted till this life was o'er.

But that the flowers she had plucked,
Were but a type of fading bliss ;
That she had withered as these flowers,
Whose beauty for his own she'd kiss ;
Then Oswald Grey came through the gate ;

On Lady Thornton's arm he hung,
And words of jealous care did flow,
On Oswald's ear now from her tongue.

Dear Hattie's life is in thy hand ;
She said, be tender of her now,
Nor cause my anxious aching heart,
In sorrow to the grave to bow ;
Beware nor tell her how we did,
Forbid thee come to us again ;
Twould give her tender bosom now,
More anguish than death's fatal pain.

Swear to me now, and I will swear,
My blessings on thy future life,
And save thy young defenceless heart,
Amid its thunderstorms of strife ;
And Oswald gave his sacred word ;
Then was conducted to the room,
Where Hattie Thornton's dying head,
Was sinking gently to the tomb.

He heard her say in dying tones,
I see the river and the friend,
That will not leave my fluttering soul,
When life and all its show shall end ;
I feel him lifting up my head ;
He takes me by my trembling hand,
And will conduct on angels' wings,
My spirit to that spirit land.

So Grey went in, and then her eyes,
Were fixed upon his own a while,
And in a moment on her lips,
There played a sweet seraphic smile ;

He held her dying hand, and pressed
 A kiss of love upon her brow,
 While dewdrops of affection's tears,
 Did o'er his cheeks profusely flow,

She sank and then revived again,
 And shouted, "Death where is thy sting!"
 I see the throne and hear the throng,
 Of those seraphic spirits sing;
 Come on she said, and beckoned Grey,
 That Jesus had come thither nigh,
 To take her raptured spirit home,
 To those celestial thrones on high.

Her parents came, one soft farewell
 Was said, and then her beauteous clay,
 Betokened that her soul had fled,
 To that eternal world of day.
 A halo bright of glory glowed,
 A moment on her holy brow,
 As though the heaven within had left,
 Its imprints on the clay below.

And Oswald listened there a while,
 And said, O! hear the music sweet,
 That from that holy seraph throng,
 Doth now my tender spirit greet;
 He showered his kisses on her clay,
 And wept the sorrows of his breast,
 For many a day were Hattie's bones,
 In holy quietude bid rest.

And I will go, he said, and tell,
 The triumph of the Christian faith,
 To lift the troubled human soul,
 Beyond the darkest shades of death;

And Glasgood Hall cannot contain,
 My spirit with its gaudy toys ;
 I go to tell a dying world,
 Where they may find celestial joys.

And England's sky seemed darker now ;
 Its roses lost their former bloom,
 Since his devoted Hattie's dust,
 Was treasured in its silent tomb ;
 And I will go to other lands,
 My own will haunt me if I stay ;
 I could not always pour my tears,
 For ever o'er her beauteous clay.

So Oswald came to Canada,
 And struck his harp on many a theme,
 But none so melancholy as
 His Hattie Thornton and his dream ;
 And though some years of sorrow have,
 Changed the deep glow of Oswald's brow ;
 'Twill kindle on its rays of light,
 To mention Hattie Thornton now.

